

# THE EPILOGUE

TO

Mr. LACY'S New Play, *SIR HERCULES  
BUFFOON, or the Poetical Esquire.*

Wrote and Spoke by J. H. COM.

**M**ethinks (*Right Worthy Friends*) you seem to sit,  
As if you had all ta'en *Physick* in the *Pit*;  
When the Play's done, your jaded Fancies pass;  
After *Enjoyment*, thus 'tis with us all.

You are

Meer *Epicures* in thinking, and, in *fine*,  
As difficult to please in *Plays*, as *Wine*:  
You've no true *taste* of either, judge at *randome*,  
And Cry—*De Gustibus non disputandum*.  
One's for *Vin d' Hermitage*, Loves *Lofly* inditing;  
Another Old *Hoc*, he a *style* that's *biting*;  
Both hate *Champaign*, and *Damn* lost *natural* *Writing*.  
And some forsooth  
Love *Rhenish* *Wine* and *Sugar*; *Plays* in *meeter*,  
Like *Dead* *Wine*, swallowing *Nonsense*, *Rhimes* make *sweeter*.  
There's one's for a *Cup of Nauts*, and he, 'tis odds  
Like Old *Buffoon*, loves *Plays* that *swinge* the *Gods*.  
True *English* *Topers* *Racy* *Sack* ne're fail,  
With such *Ben Johnsons* *Humming* *Plays* prevail;  
Whil'st some at *Tricks*, and *Grimace*, only *flee*,  
To such, must *Noisy*, *Frothy*, *Farce* appear;  
Those new *Wits* *Ketish*, *small*, *smart*, *Bottle* *Beer*.  
*French* *Gouts*, that *mingle* *Water* with their *Wine*.  
Cry—*Ah de French Song* *Gosoun*. *Dat is ver' fine*.

Who

Who never Drink without a Relishing Bit,  
Scapin methinks such Sickly tastes might hit;  
Where we entertain each Squanderish, nicer Palat,  
With Sauce of Dances, and with Songs for Salat:  
Since then 'tis so hard to please, (with choicest Dyet)  
Our Guests, wh' in wit and sense do daily Rye;  
Since Wit is Damn'd by those, whom *Wits* we call,  
As Love that stands by Love, by Love does fall.  
When Fools, both good and bad, like Whores, swallow all.  
'I wish, for your sakes, the *Shon Wits* o' th' Nation  
'Would take to some honest, some thriving Vocation.  
'The Wit of our Feet you see every Night,  
'Says more to our purpose than all you can Write.  
'Since things are thus carried, a Wit's such a Tool,  
'He that makes the best Plays, do's but best play the Fool.

A Dreaded Fool's your Bully,  
A Wealthy Fool's your Cox,  
A Contented Fool's your Cully,  
But your Fool of Fools your Wit:  
They all Fool Out of 's Wife,  
He Fools those who are posse,  
But your Wit's so dam'd a Fool,  
He only Fools himself.  
Oh! *Wits*, then face about to fence, Alas!  
I know it by myself, a Wit's an Ass;  
For like you in my time,  
I've been Foolish in Rhime,  
But now, to repent the *Nonesuch* Crime,  
I speak it in tears, which from me may seem ally,  
Henceforth I'll grow wiser, (I *Dam' Wit*) I'll be Godly;  
That when by New Grace I have wip'd off old Saines,  
In time I may Pass, not for Cox, but for *Wits*.

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His ROYAL HIGHNESS, living  
at the Black Bull in Cornhill. 1684.